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SOSA
AGENT X
PART 2 OF 2!
BE A MAN -- BUY YOUR GIRL A COMIC!
DIRECT EDITION
OCD
BRAK
01111
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN

Plug-In Maniac / version 4.0
<Delta City assassin's local #451>
results of memory search:

Alex Hayden

Alex Hayden, AKA Agent X:
renowned mercenary/assassin for hire,
partner Agency X <possesses healing/
regenerating factor, sophomoric sense
of humor. Note to self: Dismember and
burn corpse>

The Hooded Eye
Crime kingpin of Delta City
<Possibly insane>

Urrrk - hey,
Gort -- easy on
the kung-fu death
grip -- my doctor
says I'm pressure
sensitive --

K-K-RAK

Sandi Brandenberg

Sandi Brandenberg:
Not so renowned mercenary/
assassin for hire, partner
Agency X. <turn-ons: long
walks, kill ratios, Agent X>

Beverly LaCoco:
Fight-Man's ex-wife,
current arch enemy
<Definitely insane>

Agent X due for termination in 4.2 seconds
via explosive separation of head region,
barring any unforeseen event, such as...

Frank Bigelow, aka Fight-Man:
Disgraced former Delta City super-hero /
parolee.<Nigh-invulnerable/nigh-imbecilic>

WARNING!!!

Warning!!! Sensors picking up intense kinetic
activity/heat trace app. 4.1 meters east and
approaching rapidly...<Suggested course of
action: Pray to God it isn't Fight-Man!!!!>

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AGENT X
TOO LAAAATE!!!!
Aaargh!
Hot damn! I thought I heard evil simmering in the kitchen!
Don't worry, kid! You're in safe hands now that Fight-Man's back on the job!
Urrrgh!
Owwww! You idiot, Frank! I'm on your side!
FIGHT THE POWER!
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Well, if it ain't my old sparring partners -- Atomic Lou, The Plug-In Maniac, and the sentient mucus sack men call The Massive Globula! Long time, no hit, creeps!
Back in uniform, eh, Fight-Man? Good! It'll make killing you even more satisfying!
...tha's okay, Frank, really, I'm fine.
You can apologize after I ventilate boogerboy here--
Hold'im, Alex! I got a fist ready to go!
GRAB!
Whoops. Sorry, man. forgot he could do that.
P-FRAK!
Oofta!
es&!! Forgot he could do that, too--
=Oooof!=
S-P
LAP!
...an' when St. Peter greets me, he'll say, "And how did you die, little boy?", an' I'll say, "I was killed by snot!"
You better let me handle this, kid!
SKKZZAK
THOOM
...an' then 'll laugh an' laugh an' eat all the ice cream I want...
Bullets and bad jokes won't do jack against these douche bags!
BWOOM

Neither will fat fists and a pea brain!
Die Fight-Man Die!
Now you got me mad--
FZZZAT
--Fightin' mad!
K
RIK!
You fool! You've shattered my energy control rod! I'll go critical--!
FZZZ...
Like, duh, Lou.
That's the friggin' idea!
SKA-BLOOOSH!
Holster those fists, Fight-Man! Unless you want dead sidekick number fifteen on your conscience!
H-hey, mister, I know you...you're that bad robot. Bad, bad robot.
I'm gonna tell Isaac Asimov on you...
Conscience? Pfft! Check your memory card, stupid --
I'm Fight-Man. I don't do hostage situations.
P-KLANG
Aw, crap. No -fzzk- Everquest for me tonight.

You see that?! Bam! One shot! Just like old times!
Screw parole! Trashin' them bums was the best damned decision I made since crazy-gluin' my mask on!
'F' you say so, Einstein.
So, thank God for Fight-Man, huh? They could've killed you dead.
What?! you're the one who-- yeeowch!
KFK
No need to thank me, kid. Least I could do after the pork rind thing.
Okay, Herschel, where's Bev holding the girl?
KRUCH
Yeeowch! Herschel? The killer robot's name is Herschel?
I'm not a robot, you moron! 'm a -fzzkg- cyborg!
Well now you're garbage, so shut up and talk!
-fzzk -City Hall. Good luck getting near it. Bev and Kenny'll have every operator in town after your asses!
Kenny? Who's that, another potty mouthed cyborg?
You don't know Kenny Liebman, the Hooded Eye? He was Fight-Man's first sidekick, only now he's busy kickin' it with his -- oww!
KPUNK
%@$!?!
FLIP!
Remember, Alex-- Robots lie like women.
Leviticus 5:11
I already got two of Herschel's heads in my collection, y'know.
Anyway, we gotta get you suited up for the big fight.
Uhh, Frank? Where are we going? All your stuff's in the house.
Beer run. I'll be quick.

Eye evades prosecution!
Me
I don't know, Alex. It makes you look like a villain.
Sure you don't want to wear Fight-Boy's costume? Tyrone was pretty tall for his age when Babe Ruthless slit his throat.
Sorry, man, tights ain't my style. 'Sides, there's still blood on them.
What's that for?
It's my plan to infiltrate the villain's secret base! See, I put this on, and then I take you in as my "prisoner", and then we go inside and we win!
I saw it on the A-Team. It'll only take an hour.
Whoa, whoa! You're talkin' subterfuge, right? Sissy ninja sneakin' around in pajamas crap? Pfft! Why don't we redecorate their hideout and slap on some Judy Garland while we're at it?
Okay, but let's rescue Sandi first. Then we can pick out curtains. How do you feel about organza--?
No, no, no! Listen! We blitz 'em! Hit 'em fast and hit 'em hard!
POW POW POW!
Look, normally the Dresden approach would flood my erectile tissue something fierce, but if I ever hope to see Sandi in a Japanese schoolgirl's outfit I--
Hey! Unhand me, you brute!
Relax, kid!

help! Hannibal! Face! Quincy! Kojak!
WHOOSH
C-RASH!
Trust me, I got everything under control--

"-- those bums won't even see us coming until it's too late!"
OASIS
Oh, sweet Mary an' Joseph --!
Jasper, quick, get me the phone! I gotta call them news people on channel five!

This just in! Fight-Man has been seen flying towards Delta City! He is in costume and appears to have a new teen sidekick!
EMERGENCY
Fight-Man Em
Citizens are advised to remain c-calm and not to panic!
Not a Jest

Aieee! Madre de Dios! Es Fight-Man!
We're doomed! All doomed!
Susie, drop the baby! It'll only slow us down!
Delta City
CITY HALL
REPENT! FIGHT MAN IS NEAR!
Oh, great! Just es#% great!
For years we managed to keep that lumbering ox out of our business! Now he's headed here at mach one-- with a homicidal maniac, to boot!

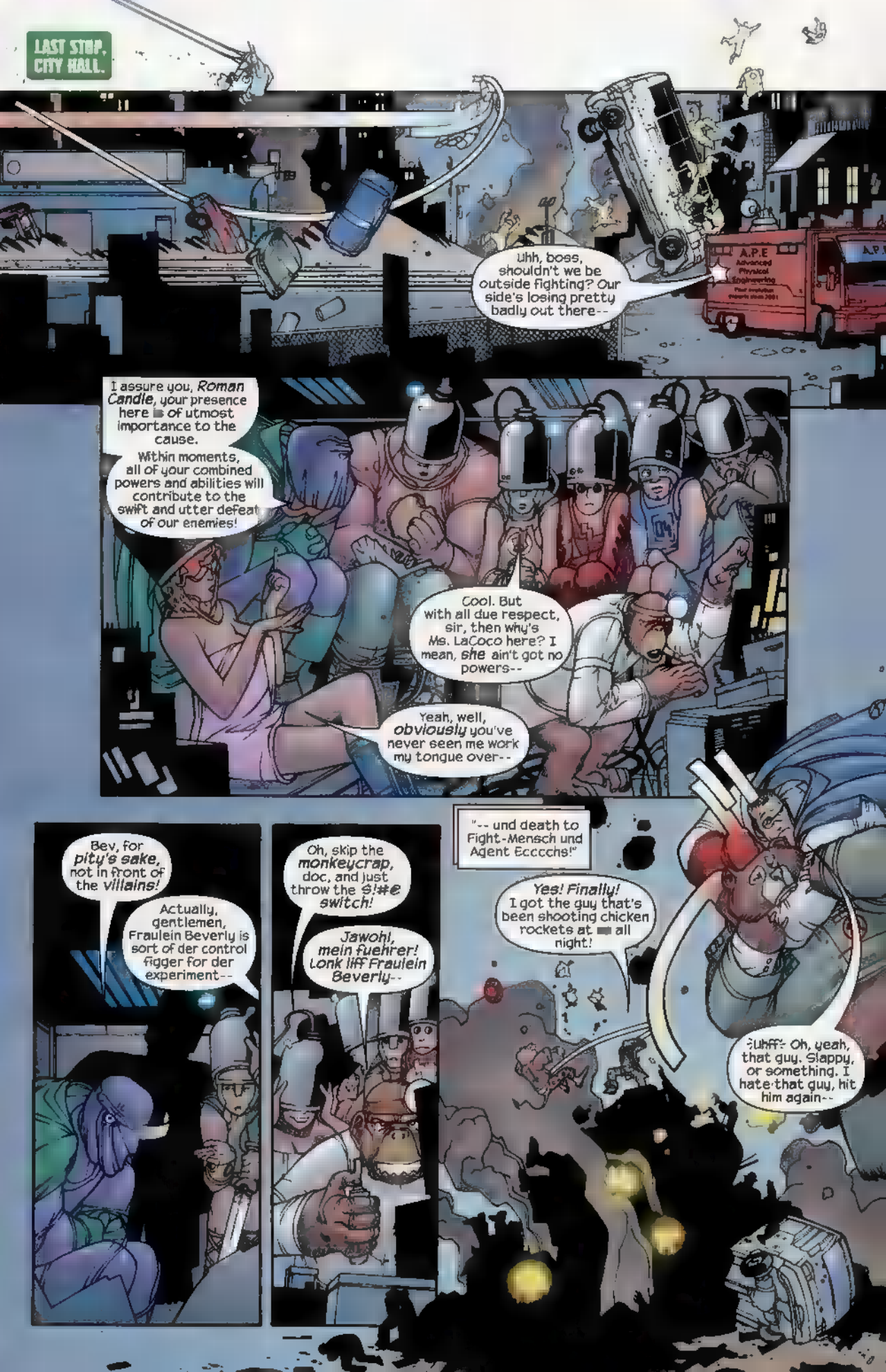
Alex is not a homicidal maniac. He's just enthusiastic about his work. You'll see.
I don't think so, Miss Brandenburg. Not with you as our little trump card.
Don't bet on it, your honor. Frank sucks at saving hostages. What is he, three-and-twelve?
MAYOR
Three and thirteen. They was twins the Shiv knifed that last time.
I had to do it. He called me a pansy.
Oh, great! Now what do we do? This is all your fault, Beverly, you and your stupid vendetta--
Uhhh, yah. I fink so--
Mr. Density, if his honor doesn't shut his big, fat mouth I want you to remove him from office via the $%&!@ window! Y'got that?
Now listen up, all of you! Our people are already hitting the streets! Soon the entire underworld will be gunning for Fight-Man and Agent X!
I want you to get out there and kill us some heroes, boys! Let's show 'em we don't allow their kind here in Delta City!
YEEAAAAAAAHHH!
No, sweetie, don't wait up for me--
I'm worried, Kenny. You remember the last time with Frank.
The only thing that stopped him was a thirty-story skyscraper dropped on his stupid head.*
U.S.A!
U.S.A!
U.S.A!
U.S.A!
Look, baby, I've been saving this for your birthday, but under the circumstances--
Kenny, you don't mean- ?! Oh, DoctOrangutan, is it true?
After all these years of praying and plundering the city's budget--?
*See Fight-Man#1 June,1993-Agent A

Jah, mein Fraulein, der procedure iss ready. However, der first trial vas inconclusive, as der test monkey flew avay--
Based on your specifications, five should be adequate.
Whoop-de-doo! How many volunteers do we need?
You heard the lady, doc.
Round up five of our biggest and not so brightest.
Oh, Kenny, you darling! You know what this means, don't you?! I'm the luckiest girl alive--
"-- and those two bastards are dead men flying!"
THOOM
B-BOOM
PTING
ZAP
B-KAW!
Never see us coming, huh? Doofus. And you wonder why the Avengers never call you?
Uh... is that a rubber chicken rocket?
Look at that, X! Fifty acres of scum and villainy, just waiting to be plowed! The Plaid Bug, The All-New All-Hate Squad, Crimeasaurus Rex--
Yes. We must kill many with stupid names.
Whoa, time out! No killing, partner!
What?! How can you say such a thing with all this attempted murder going on around us!
C'mon, Frank, all God's chillun loves killin'! It's the national pastime!
I told you, I got a super-hero code against killing! And I uphold it very violently!

#?!*!
Well... how about if I maim? Is maiming okay?
Sure, go for it! Be creative! I mean, hell--
--it's not like we can't have fun with this!
Yeah, yeah.
Stupid code against killing. Ruin my entire night.

Hey, Frank! Let me just shoot one guy in the face! Please?
No!
AGENT X BLOWS!
FIGHT-MAN SUCKS
18TH STREET
C'mon, Frank, two in the eyes with hollow points! He won't feel a thing, I swear!
No!
How about if I just kill a little fella? Y'know, like an evil midget, or a diabolical fat kid?
I said no, dammit! Go cripple someone if it'll make you happy!
I've been crippling since I got here! It's lame!

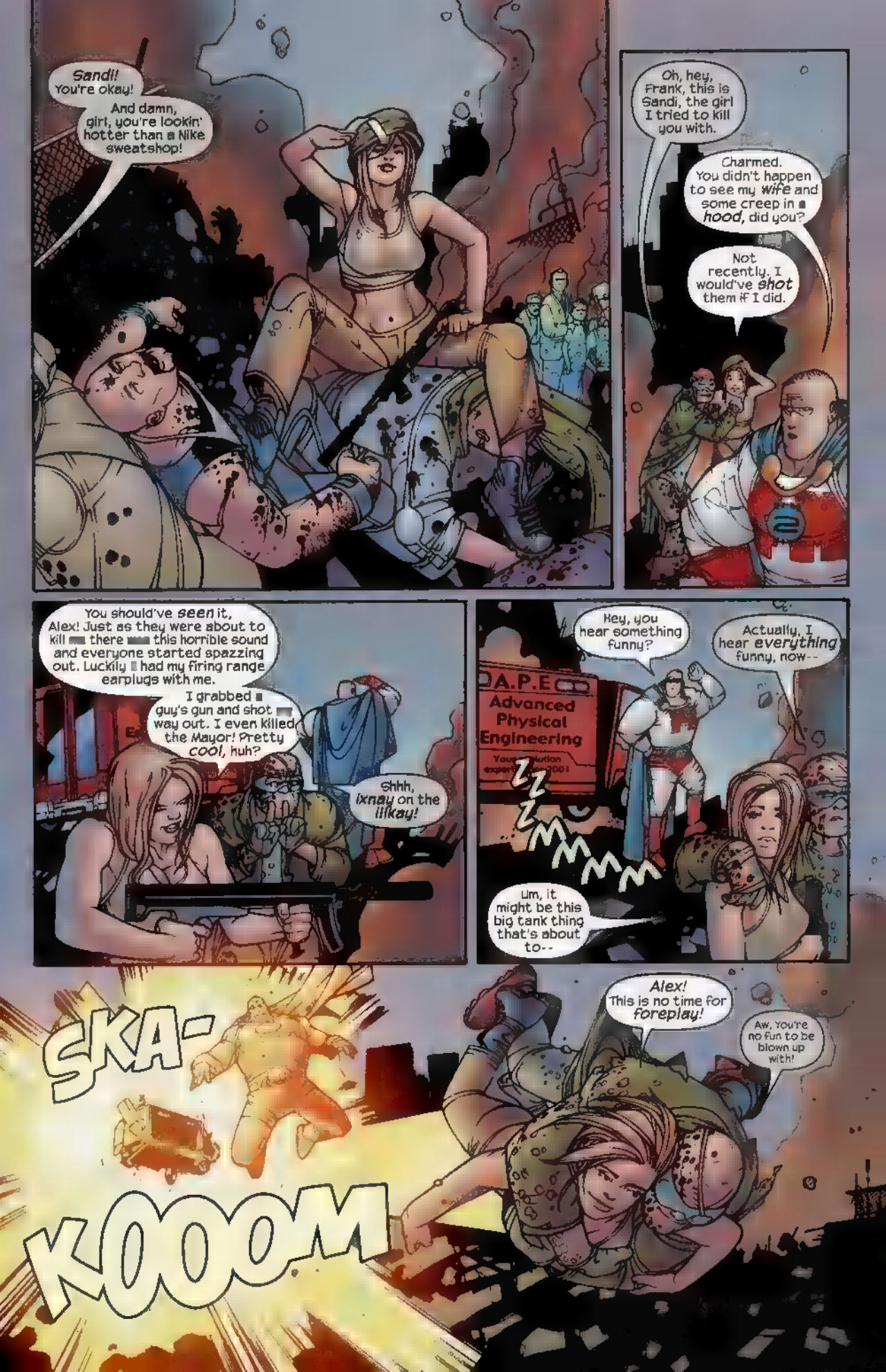
9TH STREET
What about one of the monsters? I mean, c'mon, who'd report it? "Hello, police? My monter's been shot dead.
Would you please just shut up and fight?!
8TH ST
7TH ST
6TH ST
Okay, I have to admit. This is kind of fun.
I still want to shoot a guy in the face, though. Or a monster.
sigh


LAST STOP, CITY HALL.
Uhh, boss, shouldn't we be outside fighting? Our side's losing pretty badly out there--
A.P.E Advanced Physical Engineering
I assure you, Roman Candle, your presence here is of utmost importance to the cause.
Within moments, all of your combined powers and abilities will contribute to the swift and utter defeat of our enemies!
Cool. But with all due respect, sir, then why's Ms. LaCoco here? I mean, she ain't got no powers--
Yeah, well, obviously you've never seen me work my tongue over--
Bev, for pity's sake, not in front of the villains!
Actually, gentlemen, Fraulein Beverly is sort of der control figger for der experiment--
Oh, skip the monkeycrap, doc, and just throw the $!#€ switch!
Jawohl, mein fuehrer! Lonk liff Fraulein Beverly--
"-- und death to Fight-Mensch und Agent Eccccchs!"
Yes! Finally! I got the guy that's been shooting chicken rockets at me all night!
:Uhff: Oh, yeah, that guy. Slappy, or something. I hate that guy, hit him again--

Slap-Happy's the least of your problems, Fight-Man!
'Cause I'm here to give you a piece of my mind-- at sixty miles per hour!
BOOM!
Still leading with the chin, huh, Metalhead? Some people never learn.
Eeegah!
SPKLAAM
Aw, hell. Not again.
Please oh please let me make the harbor this time--
Alex, look out! That's Blacklung, the Malady Man! He's got hands of cancer!
Eh...?
--coff-caff-hurrrk--
Not anymore, he doesn't.
Waaaahhh!
What's with the look, Frank? Chopping off cancer hands clearly falls under creative maiming--
YO-yo-Yo YOOZ-HAY-HEEE-HOOO
Ye gods-- that sound! That horrible, ear-splitting sound! It can only be my arch-enemy, Kelly Osbourne!
Worse! It's--

--ILL BILLY!
The mutant yodeling human b-beatbox!
BUM-T-PSHH-
BUM-BUM-T-PSHH-
AHUH-AHUH-AHUH-AHUH-
His devastating s-sonic attack --too strong! Can't-- fight --it!
Quick! Rip my ears off!
--YEEEEEEE
-YO-YO-HO-DEEEEE-
LAAAAAAYYYY!
What? But--
Don't argue with me! Rip 'em!
--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEE
LAAAAAAYYYY!

--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEEE-
LAAAAAAYYYY!
YEEA RGH!!!
Okay, n-now shove 'em in the holes!
Oh god! They're touching my brain!
I can remember the Ice Capades from when I was four!
--YEEEEEEE-YO-YO-HO-DEEEE-
You're gonna pay fer that, phat boy!
LAAAAAAYYYY!
Booyah! Word to your mammy!
THWACK
--ghglthpp -!!
Gold star, kid, good maiming!
Wha--? Oooof!
BPRRT BPRRT
Now what--?


Sandi! You're okay!
And damn, girl, you're lookin' hotter than a Nike sweatshop!
Oh, hey, Frank, this is Sandi, the girl I tried to kill you with.
Charmed. You didn't happen to see my wife and some creep in a hood, did you?
Not recently. I would've shot them if I did.
You should've seen it, Alex! Just as they were about to kill me there was this horrible sound and everyone started spazzing out. Luckily I had my firing range earplugs with me.
I grabbed a guy's gun and shot my way out. I even killed the Mayor! Pretty cool, huh?
Shhh, ixnay on the illkay!
Hey, you hear something funny?
Actually, I hear everything funny, now--
A.P.E Advanced Physical Engineering
ZZZMMMM
Um, it might be this big tank thing that's about to--
SKA-
KOOOM
Alex! This is no time for foreplay!
Aw, You're no fun to be blown up with!

Hiya, Frankie! Guess what? I got an early birthday present from Kenny.
Wanna know what it was? I'll give ya a little hint--
Super. Freakin'. Powers.
Gulp.
And I owe it all to you two. Kenny, you've made me the happiest girl in the world.
And Doctor, well, what can I say? You've made me the most powerful girl in the world.
Which means I don't need either of you anymore.
SZKKKRAK
Oh, Fraaank...
SZZZLLLLL...
P-Please, Bev, if this is about the alimony, we can work it out--
Say, is that the rank stink of burning monkey or did Fight-Man just take a mad wicked fear dump?

What's with him? He's totally whipped.
C'mon, Frank! Snap out of it! Deck her! Knock her block off! Show her who's the boss! It ain't Tony Danza, it ain't Springsteen-- it's you, you magnificent bastard!
Now be a man, be a Fight-Man-- and beat the living crap outta this skank!
...
I- I can't.
I got a code against hitting women.
What?! Oh, Fight-Man, you suck!
Tell you one thing. I'll never eat roasted nuts again.
Urrrgglkrrgg--!
Ha! I knew you'd never hit me, Frank. But now I can hit you -- right where it hurts the most!
ZARK!
OWWWOOOOO--!
BRRRT
Frank, where are you going? You big sissy, if Captain America was here he'd slap your face!
Damn. How could I forget flying powers? Oh, well.
Guess I'll hafta work my frustrations out on you two.
SZNNNRAN
You? Frustrated? Don't tell me you're not getting any!

BRRRT
BRRRT
BRRRT
Yeah, you've got "party girl" written all over you like a men's room stall!
Why, you %#$€--!
Hormonal, eh? Could it be arts and crafts week at panty camp?
KTANG
THWAK
KRUNK
Have you considered a Midol patch--?
That's it! You wanna joke about blood flow, buster?!
CHKUNT
Then laugh this off!
FZZAAM
Aaaaargghh!
Alex!
Awww, Does baby's tum-tum hurt? Ah ha ha ha!
Hwuugh- Sandi-coff- for the love of Benji...find something to kill this E! fashion emergency...
AAAAAAAAGH!
Sorry, not happenin'. Only a miracle could save your ass now--
What the--?

AAAAUGH!
Oh, you've got to be kidding--!
Metalhead! You're fi-
KA-
CHOOOM
Wow. Jim Thompson on a two-week bender wouldn't have written *that* ending.
Well, it's certainly *fitting*. Bev always did like big, noisy climaxes.
Look, up in the sky. It's a jerk. It's a pain. It's Fight-Man.
Go on home, Frank. Fight's over. The good guys won, and oh, by the way, you *still* suck.
Wrong on all three counts, kid.
What's *that* supposed to mean?
You didn't really think I was gonna let you two get away with trying to *kill* me, did you?
I *like* you, Alex. But you're a *professional assassin*, a bad guy. And I figure the more *bad guys* I bring to justice, the better shot I got with the parole board.

You miserable #*!@%. We took down a city together, talked about girls, lived through Mongolian barbecue-- and you want to throw that all away for some stupid code?
Look, don't make this harder than it has to be. We both know you can't fight Fight-Man.
Oh, yeah? We'll see about that, tough guy--
SPLUSHK
Aaagh! Gross!
Sandi, quick! Plan 84-B!
We don't have a plan 84-B!
I know! Make one up!
How's this?
What the-- ? Oh lord, I'm publicly indecent! Everyone can see my little fight-man!
Huh. Little is right.
Cheaters! That's not fighting! Soon as I'm decent you'll get yours!
So... got a plan 84-C?
Actually, I do.
Forget it. Chicken rockets won't stop that jerk.
Silly boy. Who said I'm shooting at him?
FOOOSHB-KAW!
Oh, no...

BRRRRRRUM-
...not the building trick! Who told you about the building trick?!
You lousy cheaters! You think you beat me, huh? You think you beat Fight-Man?! Well, you didn't beat Fight-Man! This stupid $#%@ building beat Fight-Man!
But not for long! I'll be back! you punks haven't heard the last of--
BWA-THOOOM
Wow. I actually took him out. And sober, to boot.
Yep. This is pretty much where we came in.
Some first date, huh?
Well, I'll say this for you, Alex--
-- you certainly know how to show a girl a good time.
Nuff said!